

The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XXI.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1857.

NUMBER 44.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK, MAIN-ST.

J. COBB & COMPANY,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

J. COBB,.....W. J. FULLER.

TERMS.

The Register will be sent one year, by

mail, or delivered at the office, where pay-

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Delivered by carrier, paid strictly in ad-

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All communications must be post-paid.

V. B. PALMER is agent for this paper in

Boston, New-York and Philadelphia.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

Done in modern style, and at short notice.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CALVIN G. TILDEN,

Fire and Life Insurance Agent.

Office, in the Engine Building, []

Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1856. 32.

JOHN W. STEWART,

Middlebury, Vermont,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. 26

Charles L. Allen, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon,

Having resigned his Professorship in the Eastern

Medical College, and also having terminated his en-

gagement with Middlebury College, will give his en-

tirely undivided attention to his profession.

CHARGES.—Times established by the Addison Coun-

ty Medical Society.

Office at his residence, first house North of

the Congregational Meeting House.

Middlebury, Nov. 26, 1856. 32, 1y

DR. WM. M. BASS,

Would inform the citizens of this village and

vicinity, that his present residence is the

first door south of the Court House, where he

will be in readiness to attend calls in his pro-

fession, and will accept gratefully a share of

public patronage.

Middlebury April 22, 1856. 11f

EDWARD MUSSEY

Respectfully informs the people of this

county and the public at large, that he has

taken the

ADDISON HOUSE,

In Middlebury, for a term of years. He in-

tends to keep a first rate house, and looks

by strict attention to the wants of his guests

and moderate charges, to merit a liberal share

of the public patronage.

Middlebury, May 21, 1856. 6.

A. H. COPELAND,

Books, Stationery, Magazines,

NEWSPAPERS, AND CHEAP PRICED BOOKS.

At the Telegraph Office, near the Bridge.

S. HOLTON, JR.,

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

AND FANCY ARTICLES.

Near the Bridge,.....Middlebury, Vt.

All work done in a neat and durable manner.

At low rates. 21

MIDDLEBURY

AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE

AND

IRON STORE.

JASON DAVENPORT,

Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

IRON, STOVE, HARDWARE,

CUTLERY, JOINERS' TOOLS, &c.

Middlebury, Vermont.

GEORGE M. BROWN,

TAILOR.

Informing his friends and customers, that he

has opened a shop in Stewart's building over

the store of R. L. Fuller, where he will attend

to all business in his line.

Cutting done to suit customers.

Wanted.—a good Journeyman.

Middlebury, Oct. 18, 1856. 26, 1f

Elegant Illustrated National Works.

The Works of the BRITISH POETS—se-

lected and chronologically arranged, from Ben

Jonson to Scott. Illustrated with an im-

mense number of steel plate engravings. To

be published in 47 fortnightly parts, at 25

cents each. Monthly Parts 50 each.

MOORE'S GENERAL ATLAS OF THE WORLD,

containing 70 Maps drawn and engraved from

the best authorities, with descriptions and

statistics of all nations to the year 1856. To

be completed in 33 Semi-Monthly Parts 25

cents each.

THE REPUBLICAN COURIER, By Rufus W.

Griswold. To be published in 21 semi-

monthly Nos. 25cts. each.

THE PICTORIAL CYCLOPEDIA OF BIOGRAPHY;

Embracing a series of original memories of

the most distinguished persons of all times.

Illustrated with 500 engravings and steel

plates. To be published in Fortnightly Parts,

25cts. each.

Dred: A Tale of the Great Diurnal Swamp

by Harriet Beecher Stowe, Author of Uncle

Tom's Cabin. Two vols. 12mo. Muslin.

Price \$1.75. Portraits of Fremont, col. 25X

34. Price 50cts. plain and 50cts. colored.

Portraits of Fillmore and Buchanan, plain

\$1.00, colored \$2.50

Persons desirous of subscribing for

any of the above mentioned books, will

please apply to the subscriber.

Canvassers wanted.

F. S. MARTIN.

Williamstown, Vt. 21, 1f

Barre Academy.

The winter term will begin on Thursday,

Nov. 20.

Extract from a report of the Examining

Committee: "We cheerfully say that it is one

of the excellent schools in our State, and

worthy of the patronage of friends of sound

learning, and we are happy to know that it

is receiving this in a large degree."

J. S. SPAULDING, Principal.

Barre, Oct. 29, 1856. 29, 1f

DAILY PAPERS—New York Daily Times

Tribune and Herald, and Boston Jour-

nal, received daily, at

COPELAND'S

POCKET MAPS OF KANSAS, for sale by

L. W. CLARK.

Blanks.

WARRANTEE DEEDS, Mortgage Deeds,

Quit-Claim Deeds, Justice Writs, Chancery

Blanks, and Executions, for sale at

COPELAND'S NEWS DEPOT.

Poetry.

The Letters.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Still on the tower stood the vane,

A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air,

I peep'd at the altar cold and bare.

A clog of lead was round my feet,

A band of pain across my brow;

"Cold altar, Heaven and earth shall meet

Before you hear my marriage vow."

I turn'd and humm'd a better song

That mock'd the wholesome human heart,

And then we met in wrath and wrong—

Full ead my greeting was, and dry;

She faintly smiled, she hardly moved;

I saw, with half-conscious eye,

She wore the colors I approved.

She took the little ivory chest,

With half a sigh she turned the key,

Then raised her head with lips compress'd,

And gave my letters back to me;

And gave the trinkets and the rings,

My gifts, when gifts of mine could please;

As looks a father on the things

Of his dead son, I look'd on these.

She told me all her friends had said;

I rag'd against the public liar;

She talk'd as if her love were dead,

But in my words were seeds of fire.

No more of love; your sex is known:

I never will be twice deceived.

Henceforth I trust the man alone—

The woman cannot be believed.

"Through slander, meanest spawn of Hell,

(And woman's slander is the worst,)

And you, whom once I loved so well—

Through you, my life will be accurst."

I spoke with heart, and heat, and force,

I shook her breast with vague alarms—

Like torrents from a mountain source

We rush'd into each other's arms.

We parted; sweetly gleam'd the stars,

And sweet the vapor-brail'd blue,

Low breezes fan'd the beirly bars,

As homeward by the church I drew.

The very graves appear'd to smile,

So fresh they rose in shadow'd swells;

"Dark porch," I said, "and silent aisle,

There comes a sound of marriage bells."

Miscellany.

Dr. Kane and an Esquimaux

after Seals.

"I started with Hans and five dogs,

all we could muster from my disabled

pack, and reached the Pinnacle Berg in

a single hour's run. But where was the

water? The flocks had closed, and the

crushed ice was all that told of our in-

tended hunting ground.

Ascending a berg, however, we could

see to the north and west the dark cloud

stratus which betokens water. It ran

through our battle-ground, the 'Bergy

Belt'—the labyrinth of our wandering

after the frozen part of last winter. I

had not been over it since and the feel-

ing gave me was anything but joyous.

In a couple of hours we emerged up-

on a plain unlimited to the eye, and

smooth as a billiard table. Feathers of

young frosting gave a plush like nap to

its surface, and toward the horizon dark

columns of frost smoke pointed clearly

to the open water. The ice was firm

enough; our experience satisfied us that

it was not a very recent freezing. We

pushed on without hesitation, cheering

ourselves with the expectation of coming

every minute to the seals. We passed a

second ice growth; it was not so strong

as the one we had just come over, but

still safe for a party like ours. On we

went, at a brisker gait, may be for an-

other mile, when Hans sang out at the

top of his voice: 'Pusey! pusey! seal!

seal!' At the same instant the dogs

bounded forward, and, as I looked up,

I saw that we had passed upon a new belt

of ice that was obviously unsafe. To

the right, and left, and front, was one

great expanse of snow-flowered ice. The

nearest solid floe was a mere lump, which

stood like an island in the broad white

level. To turn it was impossible; we

had to keep up our gait. We urged on

the dogs with whip and voice, the ice

rolling like leather beneath the sledge

runners; and it was more than a mile to

the lump of solid ice. Fear gave to the

beasts their utmost speed, and our voices

were soon hushed in silence.

The suspense, unrelieved by action or

effort, was intolerable. We knew that

there was no remedy but to reach the

floe, and that everything depended upon

our dogs alone. A moment's check

would plunge the whole concern into the

rapid tide-way. No presence of mind or

resource, bodily or mental, could avail

us. The seals—for we were now near

enough to see their expressive faces—

were looking at us with that strange

curiosity which seems to be their charac-

teristic expression. We must have pass-

ed some fifty of them, breast high out of

water, mocking us by their self-compla-

cency.

This desperate race against fate could

not last. The rolling of the tough salt

water ice terrified our dogs, and when

within fifty paces of the floe they paus-

ed. The left hand runner went through

our leader, "Toodlamick," followed; and

in one second the entire left of the sledge

was submerged. My first thought was

to liberate the dogs, I leaped forward

to cut poor Tood's traces, and the next

minute was swimming in a little circle of

pasty ice and water alongside him.

Hans, dear good fellow, drew near by

himself, uttering pitious expressions in

broken English; but I ordered him to

throw himself on his belly, with his

hands and legs extended, and to make

for the island by coggling himself for-

ward with his jack knife. In the mean-

time—a mere instant—I was floundering

about with sledge, dogs, and lines, in a

confused puddle about me.

I succeeded in cutting poor Tood's

lines, and letting him scramble to the

ice—for the poor fellow was drowning

with his pitious cries—and made my

way for the sledges; but I found that

it would not buoy me, and that I had

no recourse but to try the circum-

ference of the hole. Around this I

paddled faithfully, the miserable ice al-